wells crain

carnage U.S.A.

MARVEL

carnage

U.S.A.

writer
zeb wells

artist
clayton crain

carnage U.S.A.

letterer
vc's clayton cowles

associate editors
tom brennan
and
alejandro arbona

editor
stephen wacker

collection editor jennifer grünwald
assistant editors alex starbuck & nelson ribeiro • editor, special projects mark d. beazley
senior editor, special projects jeff youngquist • senior vice president of sales david gabriel
svp of brand planning & communications michael pasciullo • book design jeff powell

digital manager/production tim smith 3 • digital production jackeline tejada
editor in chief C.B. cebulski • chief creative officer joe quesada
president dan buckley • executive producer alan fine

© 2020 MARVEL. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

one

Colorado.

DOVERTON
POP. 1,145 6

Congrats Eric Hanna

COLE, WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT SHOOTING YOUR SISTER?

I DON'T REMEMBER.

YES, YOU DO.

BRASS RAIL

IT'S THAT TIME, ROBBIE... GOTTA GET YOU HOME.

COMMON YOU GUYSH! YOU KNOW ME! I'M THA UN'FISSAL MAYOR OF DOVERTON...

YEAH, WE MIGHT BE RUNNIN' A RECALL ELECTION ON THAT ONE.

POLICE

THINKIN' OF PAINTING THE HOUSE. NOT MYSELF, I MEAN--

IT CAN GO ANOTHER YEAR, GEORGE.

Ralsby Meat Packing Plant.

DOVERTON BRANCH.

RALSBY

SOME GNARLY MEAT COMIN' DOWN THE LINE, BOYS.

IF YOUR BLADE'S DULL YOU NEED TO LET ME KNOW BEFORE--

WHAT THE HELL?

HEH HEH HEH. SORRY.

WE GOT HUNGRY, HEH HEH.

ALL THIS BLOOD...JUST LIKE HOME.

MARF MARF MARF

THIS IS RANDOLPH IN PROCESSING. I NEED THE POLICE.

YOU KNOW WHAT? DON'T BOTHER...

I'LL TAKE IT.

T-TAKE WHAT?

EVERYTHING!!!

CARNAGE U.S.A.

PART ONE - THIS LAND IS *MY* LAND

Four Days Ago.

HANNAH!

HANNAH!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY?

GET AWAY FROM THE SINK!

YOU'RE SCARING STEPHANIE, ERIC...

IT COMES THROUGH THE SINK! IT--

OH, GOD. WHERE'S COLE?!

HE'S GIVING THE BABY A BATH...

NO!

NO...

DADDY...

HSSSSSS!

HELP ME...

H--H--

HELP ME!!

YEEARRGH!!!

"...IT'S A SMALL MEAT-PACKING COMMUNITY IN COLORADO. FOOTHILLS TO THE WEST, PLAINS TO THE EAST.

"THEIR SHERIFF, BRYAN O'NEIL, STUMBLED INTO A NEIGHBORING COUNTY TWELVE HOURS AGO, MUMBLING ABOUT A LIST OF DEMANDS HE WAS CARRYING FOR *CLETUS KASADY.*

"FIRST RESPONDERS DIDN'T FIND A NOTE AND ASSUMED O'NEIL WAS SUFFERING FROM SUNSTROKE OR SOME OTHER SORT OF TRAUMA.

"TURNS OUT O'NEIL WASN'T *CARRYING* THE LIST..."

U.S. Emergency Response Center.
UNDISCLOSED LOCATION.
HE WAS THE LIST.
WE COUNTED A TOTAL OF FIVE HUNDRED POORLY-SPELLED WORDS CARVED INTO HIS BODY.
CLETUS WASN'T ABOVE SCRATCHING OUT HIS MISTAKES AND STARTING OVER. AND HE MADE A LOT OF MISTAKES.
TOOK OUR HANDWRITING EXPERTS THIRTY-SIX HOURS TO DECIPHER IT.
NEGATIVE. HE JUST KEEPS BABBLING ABOUT THE LAST THING KASADY SAID TO HIM BEFORE LETTING HIM LOOSE.
HAS O'NEIL BEEN ABLE TO MAKE A STATEMENT?
"THAT'LL DO, PIG...
"THAT'LL DO."
YOU ABLE TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS?
IT'S NONSENSE. RAMBLINGS ABOUT CLAIMING DOVERTON AS THE CAPITAL OF A SOVEREIGN SYMBIOTIC STATE; TAKING OVER THE WORLD.
HE'S THINKING BIG.
WHEN DO WE MOVE ON THIS?

"WE ALREADY HAVE."

I LOOK LIKE THE TEAM CLOWN TO YOU, BUB?

SPIDER-MAN

RELAX, HE DOES IT ALL THE TIME...

YOU'VE GOT A HEALING FACTOR! JUST DO IT!

WOLVERINE

HAWKEYE

IF SOMEBODY DOESN'T PUT THAT THING ON THEIR HEAD IN TEN SECONDS, I WIN THE BET!

I WANT TO BE WELL-HEARD ON THAT.

CAPTAIN AMERICA

FALL IN, AVENGERS. THIS IS NO TIME FOR GOOFING AROUND.

IT WASN'T MY IDEA--

SPIDER-MAN--

--CARNAGE IS BACK.

WHAT? YOU'RE SURE?
CIA CONFIRMED. SMALL COLORADO TOWN EAST OF DENVER.
DON'T KNOW IF WE'RE RESCUING HOSTAGES OR RECOVERING VICTIMS.
WE MOVE OUT IN FIVE.
I THINK BEN GRIMM'S IN TOWN. LEMME GIVE HIM A CALL.
HE HAS SOMETHING WE MIGHT NEED...
THERE'S NO TIME TO GATHER A FULL TEAM, WE'RE HEADING OUT.
BLIP
THAT'S GREAT! WE *NEED* TIRED STORIES ABOUT YANCY STREET AND HIS @#$@#$ AUNT OR WHATEVER?
OH, WE'RE STILL PRETENDING *THE THING* ISN'T ANNOYING?
ALWAYS WITH THE "*EVER-LOVIN' BLUE-EYED*" SCHTICK.
WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?
BEN?! HE'S A GREAT GUY...
HE'S NOT *THAT* BAD.
HE NEEDS SOME NEW MATERIAL.
EVER LOVIN' BLUE-EYED THING SPEAKING, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?
O-OH. HI, BEN.
LET'S MOVE, PEOPLE.
HOW'D HE ANSWER THE PHONE?
SHHHH!
CAN I GUESS?
SHUT UP!

SO THIS IS HOW THE MEAT PUPPETS KILL AN AFTERNOON, YEAH?

JUST SITTIN' HERE ALL DAY WATCHIN' TIME FLY BY.

HARDER THAN IT LOOKS, THOUGH, ISN'T IT?

AND YOU WANNA KNOW WHY THAT IS, "MARTHA"?!

OH, DEAR..

P-PLEASE...

BECAUSE I'M THE ONLY ONE PUSHING THE DAMN SWING!

I...I'M SORRY...

TOO LATE FOR THAT. WORKED UP A THIRST.

MARTHA, WHY DON'T YOU FETCH ME SOME MORE OF THAT LEMONADE...

UNF!

NOT YOU. YOU SIT IN YOUR MESS.

HMMMM... QUIET...

HERE'S YOUR DRINK...

WHERE'D THE WHIRLY-BIRDS GO?

MARTHA?

@%$#$# USELESS.

I... I DON'T KNOW...

GLUG GLUG GLUG GLUG

CHOPPERS MUST BE MAKING WAY FOR SOMETHING BIG...

MARTHA, GET OUT THE CHINA.

I THINK WE'RE HAVING COMPANY THIS AFTERNOON.

Kansas/Colorado Border.

WE'VE PULLED OUR HELICOPTERS OUT, AVENGERS. AIR SPACE IS CLEAR FOR YOUR ARRIVAL.

THE THING

WITH THIS SONIC DISRUPTER, IF CARNAGE IS DOWN THERE...

...IT'S CLOBBERIN' TIME!

OF COURSE IT IS...

I'M TAKING US DOWN AT THE EDGE OF TOWN.

WE'RE NOT GOING STRAIGHT FOR HIM?

YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, LOGAN. IF WE ATTACK HIM OUTRIGHT HE COULD START SLAUGHTERING CIVILIANS.

THEN HE DOESN'T KNOW A HELLUVA LOT ABOUT ME, EITHER.

STAY TIGHT.

LONG WAY FROM YANCY STREET...

LET'S, UH... KEEP QUIET FOR A BIT, BEN.

BIG SMILES BIG BIG SMILES

BIG BIG SMILES BIG BIG

SIR? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

BIG BIG SMILES

DRUNK?

THAT'S NOT BOOZE.

HE STINKS OF FEAR...AND CRAZY.

SNFF SNFF

HEADS UP.

BIG SMILES

BIG BIG SMILES

BIG SMILES

BIG BIG SMILES

AND SMILING AND SMILING

MA'AM.

BIG BIG SMILES

IS THERE SOMETHING YOU WANT TO SAY TO ME?

HELP...US...

SMILING SMILING

CLETUS... WHAT DID YOU DO?

I SETTLED DOWN.

GOT A SHOT. TAKING IT.

HAWKEYE! WAIT!

HE'S GOT A BABY! I'M TAKING IT!

STAND DOWN, CLINT!

HAHAHA! I DON'T HAVE A BABY! I'VE GOT MY BABY!

THEY'RE ALL MINE, GET IT?!

THEY ALL BELONG TO ME!

P-PLEASE... MY BABY...

BIG BIG BIG SMILES

ME AND THE MISSUS' IS THINKIN' 'BOUT EXPANDING THE FAMILY.

SURE I WORRIED WHAT FOUR *THOUSAND* HEAD OF CATTLE WOULD DO TO HER FIGURE, BUT--

AH, WHO AM I KIDDIN'--

YEAH, SHE GOT PRETTY FAT.

IT'S CLOBBERIN'--

BEN!

GOT IT!

NO!

GET AWAY FROM IT! DON'T LET IT TOUCH YOU!

SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE SHOT!

IT'S EVERYWHERE! FALL BACK!

HOLD THIS.

WAAAAAA--

GRRRRR...

-GARK!

HOLD THIS

WHAT?! NO... HE'S GOING TO TAKE ALL OF YOU IF--

ULK!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT YOUR GIRLFRIENDS, SPIDEY-BOY...

THIS IS BETWEEN YOU AND ME...

OR AT LEAST IT WAS...

U.S. Emergency Response Center.

SPIDER-MAN'S GONE OFF-LINE. THAT'S THE LAST ONE! WE'RE COMPLETELY DARK!

PRESIDENT'S FREAKING OUT, SIR. HE WANTS US TO HAVE A CONTINGENCY PLAN IN HALF AN HOUR.

TELL HIM TO RELAX.

PROJECT: LIQUI

TOXIN: Patrick Mulligan

HYBRID: Scott Washington HACKED

SCORN: TRAINING

ANTI-VENOM: Eddie Brock/INACTIVE

WE'VE GOT FIVE.

#1 variant by humberto ramos, wayne faucher & edgar delgado

©

two

Mission File 0336-Doverton
Situation Report: Spider-Man was the last Avenger to lose contact at 1700 hours.

Last transmission has been identified as Cletus Kasady, a.k.a. Carnage, *singing a song.*

THE ITSY BITSY SPIDER BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH.

Followed by Spider-Man apparently arguing with a teammate.

WOLVERINE! FIGHT IT!

ARRRGH!

We have to assume that the Thing, Hawkeye and Captain America have been compromised as well.

FIGHT IT--

EH, WHO AM I KIDDING? THAT NEVER WORKS.

If Spider-Man is still active...

...he's acting alone.

SOMETHING SOMETHING SOMETHING GETS HIS HEART TORN OUT!

YEEARGH!

GUESS THE UPSIDE...

...TO CLETUS USING YOU...

...AS PUPPETS IS...

...HE'S NOT USED TO ADAMANTIUM CLAWS AND A BOW.

TWANG

BAM

GUH!

MMMM! HE'S GOT CAP'S UPPERCUT DOWN, THOUGH...I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM THAT.

CHECK OUT MY THING IMPRESSION: "IT'S MURDERIN' TIME!"

HONK HONK HONK

WHA--

CARNAGE U.S.A., PART TWO
RED, WHITE, AND DIE!

BARRRRGH!

SMASH

WHOA!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THAT FUEL TRUCK CAME FROM...

...BUT I'LL TAKE IT.

SCREEEEEEEE

FOOSH

SQUEEEE!

SMASH

HURRY. THAT JUST BOUGHT US A COUPLE SECONDS.

WHO?

O-OKAY...

I HATE THIS STUFF! WENT *RIGHT* UP MY NOSE--

I'M FREE, KASADY! AND WHEN I GET A HOLD OF YOU--

NO, NO GRIMM.

...YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

WANNA BET-- *YEEE!*

YEEEARGHH!

I KNOW... I KNOW... INSUBORDINATION IN HAPPY TOWN.

WHAT'S NEXT?

CONTINGENCY A

SCORN, A.K.A. DR. TANIS NIEVES.

TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEXT ONE.

WHAT'S IT FOR?

WE'D LIKE YOU TO SHOW US, DR. NIEVES. DO THE DESIGNS SUGGEST ANYTHING TO YOU OR YOUR "OTHER"?

"THE SCORN SYMBIOTE WAS INCUBATED IN A CYBER-SYMBIONIC™ PROSTHETIC. IT NEVER LEARNED THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN ITSELF AND THE ROBOTICS IT INHABITED.

THESE THINGS WERE BUILT FOR WAR

THEY WANT TO BE WEAPONS

"IT'S A HYBRID OF SYMBIOTE AND MACHINE, ALLOWING DR. NIEVES TO FORM SYMPATHETIC BONDS WITH TECHNOLOGY.

"TRUTH IS, GENERAL, SHE HASN'T *BEGUN* TO REACH HER POTENTIAL."

PERFECT. I NEED HER READY FOR DEPLOYMENT WITHIN THE HOUR.

WHA--? SIR?

I NEED AN AGENT THAT'S INOCULATED TO SYMBIOTIC ASSIMILATION. AND THAT MEANS I NEED SYMBIOTES.

I'M RUNNING OUT OF OPTIONS.

VENOM-- AWOL.

ANTI-VENOM-- INACTIVE.

TOXIN-- MISSING.

SHE'S NOT READY...

THAT'S MY CALL, EGGHEAD. NOT YOURS.

DOCTOR TANIS NIEVES, I'M GENERAL BRANDON DUGGAN.

YOU WERE THE VICTIM OF A *PROLONGED* PSYCHIC ASSAULT BY THE *CARNAGE SYMBIOTE*, RESULTING IN A PERMANENT BOND WITH ITS ALIEN PROGENY.

OH, YEAH

...THANKS. IT *TOTALLY* SLIPPED MY MIND.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT TO KNOW IF, GIVEN THE CHANCE, YOU'D *KILL* CLETUS KASADY.

YES.

SHE'S READY.

NO!

I DON'T CARE HOW DESPERATE YOU ARE...YOU *CAN'T* SEND HER INTO A WAR ZONE ALONE...

I'M NOT.

CONTINGENCY B

MERCURY TEAM

LOT OF HUB-BUB FOR A TRAINING EXERCISE.

THINK THIS IS THE REAL DEAL, CHIEF?

WE GO WHERE THEY TELL US, AXELSON.

USMC

MORE SYMBIOTES, GENERAL? I THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT.

YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK. SCOTT WASHINGTON, A.K.A. *HYBRID*, WAS AN AMALGAM OF FOUR DIFFERENT CREATURES.

HE WAS *DE*-AMALGAMATED.

I THOUGHT WASHINGTON WASN'T COOPERATING.

HE CHANGED HIS MIND.

THAT'S ALL I'M ALLOWED TO SAY ABOUT THAT.

GENERAL DUGGAN.

THIS IS "SPECIAL MILITARY ADVISOR PATTERSON." IT'S ONE OF *THOSE*, GENTLEMEN.

WE CAN KEEP OUR MOUTHS SHUT.

WELL, EVERYONE BUT RICO...

YOU'RE STILL PAIRING SPECIAL FORCES WITH SYMBIOTES AFTER THE *VENOM DEBACLE?*

OUR PROGRAM GOT FUNDING *BECAUSE* OF THE VENOM DEBACLE. SPECIAL FORCES DON'T GO *AWOL.*

THAT SAID, PETTY OFFICER OGDEN HERE ABSOLUTELY DID *NOT* PASS HIS PSYCH EVALUATION.

I'D TAKE A FEW STEPS BACK IF YOU LIKE YOUR FACE.

THEY HAVE KILL SWITCHES?

THERE'S NO RISK OF BONDING. THEIR SYMBIOTES WERE LEFT CATATONIC BY THEIR SEPARATION FROM WASHINGTON.

MERCURY TEAM TRAINED WITH THEM FOR MONTHS TO TEACH THEM SPECIALIZED TASKS.

SIMMS? HOW 'BOUT A DEMO?

SIR.

LET'S LOAD UP, BOYS.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER MARCUS SIMMS. 10TH SPECIAL FORCES GROUP. TARGET DESIGNATION. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: SYMBIOTICALLY ENHANCED WAR DOG: LASHER.

SHE'S NOT MUCH TO LOOK AT, BUT SHE CAN FIND A MARK WITHIN FIVE HUNDRED MILES.

WORF! WORF! WORF!

LIEUTENANT JAMES MURPHY. NAVY SEAL. HEAVY MUNITIONS. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: AGONY.

IS THAT A RAIL GUN?

EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS IN THE BATTERY ALONE. PURPLE GOO HERE TRANSFERS THE WEIGHT DIRECTLY INTO THE GROUND.

MIND IF I USE YOUR SHOOTING RANGE?

THE RANGE IS A MILE AND A HALF AWAY.

OH, DEAR...

HOPE I DON'T MISS.

KA-BOOM

LIEUTENANT RICO AXELSON,
NAVY SEAL. SNIPER. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: PHAGE.

ZZZP

I'LL SEND SOMEONE TO CHECK--

WHERE'D THE QUIET ONE--

WHSSSSSHHHHH

GO?

PETTY OFFICER HOWARD OGDEN,
MARSOC. RECONNAISSANCE, DIRECT ACTION. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: RIOT.

AND THAT'S THE WHOLE SHOW, AGENT.

SO, WHEN DO WE START?

Outside Doverton.
RALSBY FAMILY ESTATE

SOME OF US WERE FAST, SOME OF US WERE JUST LUCKY...

...BUT WE ALL MADE IT OUT BEFORE THAT *THING* GOT ITS HOOKS INTO US.

I DON'T WANT TO SPEND TOO MUCH TIME STARING INTO THIS GIFT HORSE'S MOUTH, BUT HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS IN TROUBLE?

WE DIDN'T GO IN FOR *YOU*.

GOT FAMILY WE LEFT BEHIND.

DID YOU SEE A BABY BACK THERE?

OR A KID AROUND SEVEN YEARS OLD? NAME'S COLE?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT COLE, BUT I SAW A BABY. HE... HE LOOKED FINE.

IT'S A SHE.

OH, I... YOU KNOW... IT'S HARD TO TELL WHEN THEY'RE THAT YOUNG.

YEAH...

GATES UP!

CAREFUL. THE LIONS GOT OUT.

WHAT DID SHE SAY?

LIONS?

AH. LIONS.

HAKUNA MATATA.

RALSBY OWNS...*OWNED* THE MEATPACKING PLANT. HE LIKED ANIMALS. THIS IS HIS PRIVATE ZOO.

TWO LIONS, A GORILLA, THREE CHIMPANZEES, A GIRAFFE...

DON'T FORGET THEM DAMN HOWLER MONKEYS, ERIC...

THEY WERE IN ELECTRIFIED PENS, BUT WE SHUT OFF THEIR POWER TO PUMP MORE JUICE TO THE PERIMETER.

WHY?

WHAT ARE YOU KEEPING OUT THAT'S *WORSE* THAN AN EIGHT HUNDRED POUND LION?

SORRY, JUST CAUGHT MYSELF. STUPID QUESTION.

PEOPLE STOPPED COMING HOME FROM THE RALSBY PLANT A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.

WE WENT TO CHECK IT OUT. THE ENTIRE COMPOUND WAS FLOODED WITH GORE...BITS AND PIECES OF CATTLE FLOATING IN THEIR OWN BLOOD.

THEN THE BLOOD STARTED... *LAUGHING* AT US.

HE FED THE CATTLE TO THE SYMBIOTE TO INCREASE ITS MASS...

WHEN THE BLOOD GREW A MOUTH AND ASKED ME WHERE I LIVED, I EMPTIED MY REVOLVER INTO IT.

THE LAUGHTER CAME BACK AND I WATCHED THE WHOLE DISGUSTING MASS FORCE ITSELF INTO THE DRAINS.

I GOT HOME TOO LATE. IT TOOK MY KIDS... MY WIFE...

IT'S IN THE WATER SUPPLY, AND THE DRAINAGE DITCHES SURROUNDING THE TOWN. BUT RALSBY'S GOT HIS OWN WELL. AND THE...*THING* DOESN'T LIKE THE FENCE.

IT'S HARD TO TALK THESE PEOPLE INTO LEAVING FOR RESCUE RUNS. THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MY LAST CHANCE TO FIND MY KIDS.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, ERIC? IT'S *SPIDER-MAN.*

THAT MEANS MORE AVENGERS ARE ON THEIR WAY, RIGHT? THEY'RE GOING TO COME FOR YOU.

I...

I DON'T KNOW.

Mobile Command Rig S-GM8.

FIFTY MILES OUTSIDE OF DOVERTON.

WE'VE GOT STEALTH BOMBERS STANDING BY WITH ENOUGH NAPALM TO TORCH THE ENTIRE TOWN. I NEED TO BE VERY CLEAR ABOUT THIS:

IT'S ALMOST NIGHT. IF YOU HAVEN'T SUCCEEDED BY *SUNUP*, WE'RE EXERCISING THIS OPTION.

THERE'S NO BACKUP. THERE'S ONLY YOU.

YEAH...

IT TAKES ALL OUR CONCENTRATION TO HEAR YOU OVER THE MEWING OF YOUR SYMBIOTES.

DOES THAT ONE TALK?

THEY SOUND LIKE DEFECTIVE KITTENS BEGGING FOR MILK.

HEH, FAIR ENOUGH.

I LIKE HER, CHIEF.

WE MOVE AT TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED HOURS.

I WAS ABOUT THIS OLD WHEN MY DADDY TOOK ME TO A BAR, LITTLE LADY.

I'M GONNA MESS AROUND AND BECOME A GOOD FAMILY MAN, AIN'T I, COLE?

I SAID AIN'T I, COLE?!

ARE YOU STILL MOPING, BOY?! I GOT YOU A DAMN SPIDER-PET, DIDN'T I?

EH, WHATEVER! I GOT WINNER!

P-PLEASE... STOP DOING THIS...

HANNAH... I'M WITH MY FRIENDS...

GIVE ME MY CHILDREN BACK!

BACK? DARLIN', WE'RE ALL ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY HERE. 'TIL YOU GET *THAT*, I CAN'T TRUST THE KIDS AROUND YOU.

I... I GET IT, CLETUS. I PROMISE!

EH, I DON'T KNOW...

OKAY...

WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO TO PROVE IT? JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO AND I'LL DO IT.

I WANT YOU TO BRING ME YOUR HUSBAND'S HEAD. AND I WANT YOU TO DO IT AS A FAMILY SO THESE KIDS CAN SEE WHERE YOUR PRIORITIES LIE.

IS THAT FAIR?

FINE... *FINE*, I'LL DO IT.

I'LL DO IT...

THAT'S *NOT* WHAT I ASKED.

I ASKED IS THAT FAIR?

YES.

GOOD.

SLOORCH

HAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHA

THAT'S A'WAYS BEEN MY MOTTO...

...STRICT BUT FAIR...

three

Ralsby Meat Packing Plant.
DOVERTON BRANCH.
RALSE
@ARR@AHARR@ARR
@ARRHARRR@AR
@ARRHARRR@AR
CLANK
RAAARA
HURF
CREEEEEAK
GRRRRRRRR

GRRAARFFFF! ARRFF!

AIEE AIEE

HSSSSSS

GRRRRR

HEEL!

HEEL!

AIEE AIEE

HURP

LET 'IM GO, GIRL.

LET 'IM GO, GIRL.

A WOUNDED DOG ALWAYS GOES HOME...

PERIMETER'S SECURE.

PETTY OFFICER HOWARD OGDEN.
MARSOC. RECONNAISSANCE, DIRECT ACTION.

WE LOST OUR FIFTH. RICO, YOU SEEN THE DOCTOR?

LIEUTENANT JAMES MURPHY.
NAVY SEALS. HEAVY MUNITIONS. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: AGONY.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER MARCUS SIMMS.
10TH SPECIAL FORCES GROUP. TARGET DESIGNATION. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: SYMBIOTICALLY ENHANCED WAR DOG.
LASHER.

LIEUTENANT RICO AXELSON.
NAVY SEALS. SNIPER. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: PHAGE.

SHE'S BACK IN THE TOOL SHED. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GO GET HER, JIMMY.

I TRIED TO RUN SOME GAME ON HER AND IT DIDN'T GO SO WELL...

CARNAGE U.S.A., PART THREE
DIE FREE OR LIVE!

YOU GOT EYES ON THE QUAD-MANUAL XENOFORM?

IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THAT CREEPY THING THAT LOOKS LIKE SPIDER-MAN, IT'S HEADING DUE WEST.

GRRR...

STRAIGHT TO KASADY.

WE MOVE IN *FIVE*. I WANT THIS TO BE THE LAST SUNDAY MORNING CLETUS KASADY EVER SEES.

YO, DOC NIEVES. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WINDOW SHOPPING.

Last Chance Church, DOWNTOWN DOVERTON.

MY FLOCK, WE ARE GATHERED HERE THIS MORNING TO LEARN FORGIVENESS AND LOVE...

HEE HEE HA--

SORRY! SORRY! I'M TRYING TO KEEP A STRAIGHT FACE HERE.

WE'RE GATHERED HERE FOR A COMMUNION OF SACRIFICE...A SHOW OF SOLIDARITY. YOUR LORD HAS TAKEN CARE OF YOU, HIS FLOCK--

YOUR LORD THINKS HE DESERVES SOMETHING IN RETURN.

WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS YOUR LORD WANTS SOME @%$%@ TEETH.

OH, GOD...

HNNGH HNNGH HNNGH

HEY! NO HELPING! DO IT YOURSELF, THAT'S THE POINT!

MAVIS, I AM WATCHING YOU!

nNNNnNNyAAHH!

KEEP IT DOWN, CORPORAL FLAG FACE OR WHATEVER!

HOW 'BOUT I GIVE THEM AN ORAL HYGIENE MERIT BADGE WHEN WE'RE DONE?! WILL THAT HELP, BOY SCOUT?!

GOING... TO PUT YOU DOWN...

THIS ISN'T LIKE LAST TIME, WHEN YOU AND YOUR @$%# FRIENDS "*PUT ME DOWN*" WITH THE ***POWER OF LOVE*** OR WHATEVER THE HELL HAPPENED!

IT'S ALL HATRED AND DARKNESS IN DOVERTON. FOR INSTANCE, LAST NIGHT, I MADE A MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN PROMISE TO KILL THEIR FATHER.

HNNN...

THERE IS NO LOVE HERE.

PRAY TO YOUR GOD I DON'T MAKE YOU HELP.

Ralsby Family Estate.
OUTSIDE DOVERTON.

SPIDER-MAN, PLEASE! WAKE UP!
WHA... WHAT IS IT?!
IT'S SHERIFF MORRELL... ERIC...
DON'T TOUCH ME!
I'M GOING OUT THERE! OPEN THE GATE...
YOU KNOW WE CAN'T DO THAT, ERIC.
BULL! YOU SEE WHAT'S OUT THERE?!
WHERE'S HE HEADED?
WHAT'S OUT THERE?
"WHO'S" OUT THERE, YOU MEAN.
HANNAH, COLE, AND BECKY...
"...ERIC'S WIFE AND KIDS.
MOMMY AND DADDY HAVE TO HAVE A TALK, COLE...
"...BUT IT AIN'T SAFE OUT THERE FOR ANY OF 'EM."

OPEN THE GATE! DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS!

THAT'S MY FAMILY!

CRASH

H-HANNAH...

MY BABIES...

E-ERIC?

W-WE HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE NOW...

W-WHAT...

THE KIDS... IT'S THE ONLY WAY FOR ME TO KEEP THE KIDS...

I HAVE TO...

I HAVE TO!

WRRRENCH

MOM?

COVER YOUR SISTER'S EYES, COLE

CRASH

GET AWAY FROM MY MOM!

WHOA!

HANNAH, PLEASE...

I DON'T HAVE A CHOICE!

HE TOLD ME I HAVE TO, BABY... I HAVE TO KILL YOU OR HE'S GOING TO KILL THE KIDS.

W-WHAT...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO--

CARNAGE KIDS...

A LITTLE EARLY IN THE MORNING FOR A MORAL DILEMMA.

DO IT.

BABY...

DO IT!

NO!

NO! SHE CAN'T DO IT! YOUR HUSSY OF A WIFE RUINED IT FOR EVERYONE!

COLE! GRAB YOUR SISTER! WE'RE LEAVING!

THANK GOD...

NO!

I'M TAKING THEM BACK, ERIC! I'M GOING TO EAT THEM!

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR FATHER, COLE

BYE, DADDY.

HE'S GOING TO KILL THEM! HE'S GOING TO KILL MY FAMILY!

NO, HE'S NOT.

I PROMISE.

BEEP

HOLD IT. WE'VE GOT MOVEMENT.

PLACE IS DEAD...

YOU'VE GOT TO LEAVE! GET OUT OF HERE!

CIVILIAN, HOLD YOUR FIRE.

I SAID LEAVE!

WAIT...

HSSSSSSS!

HEY! WHAT THE HELL--?

BLAM

COLD, MAN!

I DIDN'T TAKE THE SHOT...I THINK MY *SYMBIOTE* DID. THESE THINGS MUST HATE EACH OTHER--

WE MIGHT HAVE A PROBLEM.

RICO KILLED A CIVILIAN?

SHE'S NOT DEAD...

I THINK THESE THINGS ARE BULLET-PROOF.

WELL, THEN...

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

...THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD ALL DAY.

Last Chance Church.

EENIE MEENIE MINIE MOE...

WHICH ONE WILL YOU DO FIRST, JOE?

PLEASE, JUST LET MY KIDS GO.

HEAR THAT, CAP? LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DOING THE KIDS FIRST.

HNNN...

YOU ARE A STRONG ONE! LISTEN, COWBOY, WHEN I GIVE YOU AN ORDER, YOU--

BOOM

RATTA RATTA RATTA

SPLORCH

STAND DOWN, @#%#*HEAD!

THIS IS STEVE ROGERS REQUESTING A SPIKE DROP ON MY LOCATION FOR CODE NAME 4563!

REPEAT, 4563!

WHO DID YOU CALL?!

WHO DID YOU CALL?!

NO FAIR!

IT'S... A...

SECRET.

THIS IS AVENGERS BLACK OPERATOR VICTOR EDWARD.

I HAVE CONFIRMED LOCATION AND WILL EXECUTE 4563 IMMEDIATELY.

VICTOR OUT.

HEH. EAGER AS I AM...THOUGHT A SHOT AT KASADY MIGHT PUT A SPRING IN YOUR STEP.

HILLBILLY MORON NEVER COULD HANDLE HIS SUIT. SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUT DOWN A LONG TIME AGO.

LUCKY FOR US, HE WASN'T...

...I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS.

CONTINGENCY C.
U.S. ARMY CORPORAL
EUGENE "FLASH"
THOMPSON.
VENOM.

DON'T FORGET TO *VOTE!*

four

Ralsby Family Estate.
DOVERTON, COLORADO.

LISTEN UP! SPIDER-MAN'S GOT SOMETHING TO SAY!

OH, OKAY... THANKS, SHERIFF MORRELL. I DON'T USUALLY DO THIS, BUT *AHEM*--

CLETUS KASADY HAS TAKEN YOUR TOWN. IF WE'RE GOING TO SAVE OUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY, WE'LL HAVE TO--

STAND TOGETHER!

FIGHT TOGETHER!

UM...

YOU KNOW WHAT, WILL YOU JUST TAKE THIS?

I DON'T REALLY USE GUNS AND I'M STARTING TO FEEL LIKE A TOOL.

OH. OKAY.

THANKS, ERIC.

LOOK, YOU ALL KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THIS IS GOING TO BE. A PSYCHOPATH HAS LET A MURDEROUS ALIEN SYMBIOTE LOOSE IN YOUR TOWN.

I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF ANY OF YOU FOLLOWING ME IN THERE, BUT WE'VE GOT TRANQUILIZER GUNS FROM THE *ZOO* AND I KNOW IF *MY* LOVED ONES WERE--

Er...

Uh...

...SOMEBODY WANNA DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT GORILLA?

=GRUNT=

GET! GO ON, GET!

SO WE'RE JUST GONNA LET THOSE THINGS RUN WILD?

DON'T REALLY HAVE A CHOICE... SINCE I DROVE MY TRUCK THROUGH THE FENCE AND ALL.

SORRY ABOUT THAT.

THAT'S PROBABLY GONNA BE TROUBLE.

Downtown.

HOW WE DOING, BOSS?!

LIEUTENANT JAMES MURPHY.
NAVY SEALS. HEAVY MUNITIONS. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: AGONY.

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER MARCUS SIMMS.
10TH SPECIAL FORCES GROUP.

RICO CLOCKED KASADY IN THAT BAR! IF WE DON'T ICE HIM BY SUN-UP, THE FEDS ARE GOING TO TORCH THIS PLACE WHETHER WE'RE OUT OR NOT! MOVE UP!

I-I TOLD YOU SOMEONE WOULD COME. SOMEONE WOULD STOP YOU...

SHHHH! I CAN'T TALK TO YOU AND CONTROL A WHOLE TOWN OF HICKS AT THE SAME TIME!

AND KEEP THAT KID CRYIN'! IT HELPS ME THINK!

WHAT'S WITH ALL THE BABY SYMBIOTES?

DO I LOOK LIKE A @#%@#+ DAYCARE?!

GYRRACH!

SYMBIOTICALLY ENHANCED WAR DOG: LASHER.

PETTY OFFICER HOWARD OGDEN.
MARSOC. RECONNAISSANCE, DIRECT ACTION. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: RIOT.

HOW'S YOUR AMMO?

NOT GOOD. THOSE PISTOLS AS INEFFECTIVE AS THEY LOOK?

HEY, KIDS!

LIEUTENANT RICO AXELSON.
NAVY SEALS. SNIPER. ASSIGNED BIO-WEAPON: PHAGE.

GET OFF MY LAWN.

CARNAGE U.S.A., PART FOUR
OH SAY CAN YOU SCREAM!

BLAM

GOT 'IM.

HA HA! SO IT'S THAT TYPE A FIGHT, YEAH?

THAK

UP, UP, AND AWAY!

BOYS, LET'S SEND THE FEDERAL SYMBIOTE SQUAD BACK HOME TO MOMMA!

DR. NIEVES, IF YOU'RE GONNA GET IN THE FIGHT...

...NOW'S THE TIME!

Ralsby Meat Packing Plant.

TANIS--SCORN! WHATEVER YOU'RE CALLED! WE NEED ALL HANDS ON DECK!

YES, THERE ARE PLENTY OF BALL BEARINGS. PLENTY.

A FREQUENCY OF 345 ghz SHOULD BE ATTAINABLE

NIEVES! WE'RE--

NO, DON'T LISTEN TO THEM, DOCTOR...

YOU'RE DOING JUST FINE HERE...

JUST FINE.

GO DOWN, DAMMIT!

KERBAM!

YEAARGHHH!

JIMMY!

@#$%! PULL BACK! PULL BACK!

NOT YET.

I...I'M REALLY NOT SURE WHO THE GOOD GUYS ARE, SO--

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

GUESS THAT'LL WORK.

SQUEEEEE!

AND I KNOW DOPPELGANGER'S BAD NEWS.

THUNK

ARNARR

HANNAH! WHERE ARE YOU, BABY?!

YOU'RE HANNAH'S HUBBY?

THAT'S RIGHT. I WAS SUPPOSED TO KILL THAT SHERRIF GUY'S WHOLE FAMILY...

FIND YOUR WIFE, ERIC. I'VE GOT THIS ONE.

SPIDER-MAN!

HA HA. STOP SHOWIN' OFF FOR YOUR FRIENDS!

YOU DON'T "GOT" @#%@#!

YOU'RE NOT GOING NEAR THESE PEOPLE EVER AGAIN!

"NEAR?" I NEVER LEFT, BABY! I'M *EVERYWHERE!*

HANNAH!

ERIC!

ACK--

HELP--+

YOUR BUDDY'S IN THERE RIGHT NOW, WATCHING WHILE I CHOKE THAT BALL AND CHAIN RIGHT OFF HIS ANKLE!

UNGH!

I DON'T KNOW WHY MY OTHER WANTED TO PUT ON ALL THIS EXTRA WEIGHT, BUT I'M GOING TO ENJOY IT WHILE I CAN!

I-I CAN'T GET IT ALL, BABY!

SLSH

YOUR EYES ARE PRETTY COCKY BEHIND THAT MASK, AIN'T THEY?!

I'M GONNA PULL 'EM RIGHT THROUGH YOUR MASK...LIKE YOUR SKULL IS GIVIN' BIRTH!

HOLD STILL, SPIDER-MAN.

THOOMP

SQUEEEE!

WHEEBOOMP

IT'S LETTING GO! BREATHE, BABY!

HUUUUNGH!!

SCREEEEEE!

WWWWWOMP

BASE, THIS IS VENOM. I'VE MADE CONTACT WITH THE MARK.

AVENGER ASSEMBLED.

OH, CRUD.

THE PUNISHER IS DRESSED LIKE ME.

DON'T WORRY. I'M A FRIEND.

SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE SQUEE

KEEP IT UP! AN ACE IN THE HOLE JUST SHOWED UP!

STAY ALIVE, YOU HEAR ME?!

FANCY WEAPONS...LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S DAD GOT A JOB!

HOW MANY MORE OF THOSE THINGS DO YOU HAVE?

93.

92.

BOOT

WHOOMP

--GARK!

SONIC SHRAPNEL... THAT'S NOT FAIR...

QUIET NOW.

CRACK

THAT INCESSANT CACKLING IN MY BRAIN...IT'S GETTING QUIET...

FIGHT IT!

YOU'RE OKAY, BABY... YOU'RE OKAY.

SLSH SLSH

CRACK

OPEN UP.

NO!

NO ONE DIES!

BUT HE'S... HIM.

OOO OH...

WHAP

THANKS.

HEE HEE HEE

--KAK!

NO... NO!

SLSH

SLSH

SLSH

SLSH

"TOO SLOW." THAT'S WHAT I WAS SAYING, YOU KNOW, WHEN YOU HAD A GUN IN MY MOUTH!

RUMBLERUMBLERUMBLERUMBLE

GARRDOOM

DOOOOOOOOM

IS THAT TANIS?
WHERE THE HELL DOES SHE THINK SHE'S GOING?

ALL I HAD TO DO WAS PULL THE TRIGGER, BUT NOOOOO--

YEEARGHHH!

SCORN! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!

WE NEEDED TIME TO THINK.

TIME TO BUILD.

BUILD WHAT?!

CLETUS IS THE PUPPET MASTER. I HAVE TO CUT HIS STRINGS.

I HAD TO BUILD SOMETHING THAT WOULD SEPARATE HIM FROM HIS OTHER.

SO I DID.

SHHHH...

RUMBLERUMBLERUMBLE

WHA--

WHERE'S IT--

WHOOSH

I CAN BREATHE!

FREE!

SHE... SHE DID IT!

+GASP+

THEY'RE PULLING AWAY!

SHOCK

SNNEEEE!

SQUEEEEEEE!

SCORN, COME IN. WHAT'S THE SITREP?

IT WORKED. THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE IS FLEEING CONFUSED. CLETUS KASADY IS NO LONGER IN CONTROL.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER GUY?

HEY...

WAKEY WAKEY.

WHERE'D YOUR LEGS GO, COLLEGE BOY...?

five

Doverton, Colorado.

SO...THAT'S WHAT SCORN *BUILT* TO SEPARATE CLETUS FROM THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE?

AND IT WORKED?

YES, BUT IT GOT *VENOM*, TOO...

"...AND THAT MEANS NOW WE'VE GOT TWO ROGUE SYMBIOTES OUT IN THE WILD.

SCREEEEEEEE

"THAT'S PROBABLY NOT A GOOD THING."

GRRF?

Ralsby Meat Packing Plant.

WHERE YOU GOIN', PIG? SCARED OF A FIGHT?

VENOM

PREVIOUSLY: SYMBIOTICALLY ENHANCED SOLDIER.
CURRENTLY: FLASH THOMPSON, DOUBLE-AMPUTEE.

LOOKS LIKE THIS MACHINE CHASED OFF OUR SUITS.

CARNAGE

PREVIOUSLY: SYMBIOTICALLY ENHANCED SERIAL KILLER.
CURRENTLY: CLETUS KASADY, SERIAL KILLER.

BOO-HOO FOR YOU.

SHNK

LUCKY MY LEGS AREN'T MADE OUT OF MY SYMBIOTE. JUST THE CIRCUITS.

GUESS THAT MEANS I'LL BE TAKING YOUR *HEAD*.

IT'S JUST GOOD SCIENCE.

SHHHZAARKKK

WHA--

KPSSSSHHHHHH

@#%&!

GUESS THOSE SYMBIOTE CIRCUITS DIDN'T LIKE THIS MACHINE EITHER...

WELL, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

LET'S ASK MY FRIEND HERE.

HAHAHA, THINK I'M SCARED, COLLEGE BOY?

COME TO PAPA...

YEAARRGH!

HEE HEE

THUNK

GIVE DADDY A TASTE!

BITE

UNG!

UNGH!

HEH HEH HEH--

-PTOO-

TASTES LIKE BOOK LEARNIN', PIG. MY FAVORITE.

SPREAD OUT. IF WE HAVEN'T SECURED KASADY BY SUNUP, THE FEDS ARE GOING TO TORCH THE ENTIRE TOWN.

CAP, NOW'S PROBABLY THE TIME TO TELL YOU THE OWNER OF THIS MEAT PACKING PLANT HAD HIS OWN ZOO...

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?

ERRR... REMEMBER THOSE ROGUE SYMBIOTES?

GRRF!

GRRF!

CARNAGE U.S.A., PART FIVE
THE DAWN'S EARLY FRIGHT!

SHUT UP!

ACK--

KRAK

SLRCH

COME 'ERE, UNCLE SAM. I MAY A' LOST MY *LEGS* BUT I STILL GOT THE RIGHT TA BEAR *ARMS*. THAT'S IN THE CONSTITUTION.

LOOK IT UP.

WHUP!

WHERE YOU GOIN', HUH? GET BACK HERE!

HEY...

THIS IS KIND OF FUN.

STAY TIGHT, PEOPLE! STAY TIGHT!

BEN! HOW ARE WE DOING?!

I'M FIGHTING A GIRAFFE, CAP! LET ME WRAP MY MIND AROUND THAT AND I'LL GET BACK TO YOU.

WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE MONKEYS, SHERIFF?!

KEEP THE FLAME ON 'EM! DON'T LET UP!

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER SIMMS, IS THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE CONTAINED?

NEGATIVE!

COPY. BE ADVISED THE SUN IS UP. WE HAVE ORDERS TO TORCH YOUR LOCATION PLUS TEN MILES.

WAIT! I'M WITH LT. MURPHY! WE'VE ALMOST GOT THIS!

HOLD, IT, HAWKEYE! THAT'S THE VENOM SYMBIOTE...

WHERE'S HE GOIN'?

"HOME."

GRRRF! GRRRF!

RRRRROOWWRR!

HA HA!

DEATH FROM ABOVE!

YOU THINK YOU'RE A MAN?!

SCUM

--URK

YOU'RE JUST A PIG...

...A NICE RACK OF RIBS!

SCREEEE

BRAKA BRAKA

BEN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

MY SONIC DISRUPTER HASTA BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

HAS ANYONE SEEN MY SONIC DISRUPTER?!

I BORROWED IT.

SCORN
CYBERNETIC SYMBIOTE

SHAHZZARK

SHAHZZARK

--ARE YOU HEARING ME?! WE'VE CONTAINED THE TARGET TO THESE COORDINATES!

I'M CALLING FOR A LOCALIZED BURN TO MINIMIZE CASUALTIES. REPEAT: *DO NOT BURN THE ENTIRE TOWN--*

YOU DON'T HAVE THE AUTHORITY TO OVERRIDE THESE ORDERS, SOLDIER.

LISTEN TO ME!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME, SON?

-SRRZZT- WHO IS THIS?

WHAT... IS... YOUR... NAME?

OOK-OOK- AHH! AHH!

YOU'RE WELCOME...

BAM

WE'VE GOT NEW ORDERS, GENTLEMEN. THIS IS NOW A LOCALIZED STRIKE.

WHO TOOK A CHUNK OUT OF THE COMMANDER? IT SOUNDED LIKE HE WAS CRYING...

THIS IS IT! THIS WHOLE AREA IS GOING HOT! MOVE!

WE'VE GOT VISUAL ON THE CARNAGE SYMBIOTE.

ERIC! WHAT'S GOING ON--

MOVE, BABY!

MOVE!

FIRE FOR EFFECT.

FIRE AND BROOD

TARGET DESTROYED.

CREEEEE

LEFT OR RIGHT EYE FIRST?! DON'T MAKE ME CHOOSE...

HRFF!

GRRR

WHA...

ACK--

LOOK AT THAT...

GUESS MY SYMBIOTE *LIKES* ME.

ERIC MORRELL

PREVIOUSLY: SHERIFF OF DOVERTON. CURRENTLY: SHERIFF OF EMBERS.

EVERYTHING.

IT'S ALL GONE.

BBBBBBBBB

SHHHHHHH. FOR YOU, IT WILL GET MUCH, MUCH WORSE.

WHAT DO YOU HAVE THERE?

SECONDARY OBJECTIVE.

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN--

MOVE, PEOPLE. WE'VE GOT EXFIL IN THREE MINUTES. WE WERE NEVER HERE!

WHAT ABOUT KASADY?

WE'RE BEING PULLED OFF...

VENOM GOT THERE FIRST.

I COULDN'T KILL HIM, SIR.

UNG...

NOT WHEN I'D HAVE TO ANSWER TO SPIDER-MAN.

I KNOW IT'S SILLY, BUT I'M KIND OF A FAN.

YOU SHOULD BE PROUD OF YOURSELF. WE'RE BRINGING THIS ONE IN ALIVE.

NO!

WHOA, ERIC... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

HE DOESN'T GET TO LIVE...

HEY!

BLAM

SPAT

YOU GET OUT OF MY WAY! HE DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

YOU'RE NOT A MURDERER, ERIC. I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO IT!

GET OUT OF MY WAY OR SO HELP ME GOD, I'LL--

DO YOU WANT TO BE LIKE HIM?! DO YOU?!

IS THAT MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOUR WIFE? YOUR TWO KIDS?!

WHAP

WE HAD *THREE* KIDS BEFORE HE SHOWED UP...

OH, GOD...

HER NAME WAS STEPHANIE...

CLETUS, HE...*SOB* HE...

ERIC, I...

MAKES ME WONDER WHAT WE'RE DOIN' HERE, WHEN WE STOP A MAN FROM DOIN' WHAT NEEDS TO BE DONE.

YOU FELT CLETUS IN YOUR HEAD, JUST LIKE I DID. HE WANTED TO TAKE THE ENTIRE WORLD.

WE DID ENOUGH. WE KEPT HIM FROM HAVING HIS WAY.

YOU THINK SO, HUH?

LOOK AT THIS PLACE...

"...I'M NOT SO SURE."

The End.

“WELL, IT’S OFFICIAL NOW, ZEB WELLS CAN DO ANYTHING.”
— Iann Robinson, *CraveOnline.com*

HE’S BAAAAACK!

You can’t keep a good symbiote down! With his host, serial killer Cletus Kasady, Carnage is looking to wreak some good, old-fashioned chaos in the small town of Doverton, Colorado. Now, Captain America, Hawkeye, the Thing, Wolverine and Spider-Man — with help from the special-ops Mercury Team and its symbiotic arsenal; Dr. Tanis Nieves, a.k.a. Scorn; and the one and only Venom, now a government operative — must stop Carnage before an entire American town becomes slave to the whims of a madman!

Collecting *Carnage U.S.A. #1-5*, written by **Zeb Wells** (*New Warriors, Civil War: Young Avengers/Runaways*) and illustrated by **Clayton Crain** (*Ghost Rider: Road to Damnation*).

T+

MARVEL